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1896

God Garners

No Green Grain.

God Garners No Green Grain.

A Vision of Faith.

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God Garners No Green Grain.

OUR God makes no mistakes, O heart opprest,
And eyes all blinded by the mist of pain,
Eternal love pursues no fruitless quest,
God garners no green grain.

Death seems untimely when our dear ones go,
And some mischance our hearts regret in vain;
It only seemeth, for it is not so,
God garners no green grain.

Even the babe that dieth with a breath,
By arrow of outrageous fortune slain,
Serveth some purpose by such early death,
God garners no green grain.

The strong who leave us ere their work is done,
As our weak faith is wonted to complain,
Despite our doubtings, do not die too soon,
God garners no green grain.

Whether the reaper cometh soon or late,
Nor life nor death can ever be in vain,
His will transcends the seeming whims of fate,
God garners no green grain.

A Vision of Faith.

BESIDE the shaded couch, where weak and faint
A dear one suffering lay,
Bearing her agony without complaint,
In the old martyr way,
I saw two forms, like waiting angels, stand
On either hand.

I knew that one was Faith; the calm, clear brow
And the uplifted eye
Shone with assurance, like the tender glow
On morning's kindling sky,
And all her mien triumphant trust expressed,
And perfect rest.

The other seemed Faith's very twin at first,
So like in form and face,
Save that her calm was as some part rehearsed,
And there was lack of grace;
And in her eyes a vague impatience stirred,
And thrilled each word.

She spoke and Faith was still: "Thou needest not
Lie thus on bed of pain;
Hath God his old-time healing power forgot?
Can He not cure again?
Believing prayer shall save the sick; believe!
And health receive."

The sufferer stirred, and feebly made reply,
"I do not doubt God's care,
But though for strength I daily make my cry,
He doth not grant the prayer."
The Presence answered, "They shall have who seek;
Thy prayer is weak."

Then Faith drew near and gently whispered, "Peace!
They do not love God most
Who are most urgent for their quick release
From pain's severe impost.
Who can pray better than the suffering Son,
'Thy will be done?'

"They trust God most who most accept God's will,
Whate'er that will may be;
Bearing with patient calm life's every ill;
Their first and dearest plea,
That God will grant, through pleasure or through pain,
In them to reign.

"God often heals, and often healeth not,
As we have greater need;
To be submissive to His blessed thought,
Oh, this is faith indeed!
And this shall be the sign thy prayer is heard,
GOD'S WILL PREFERRED."

The vision faded, but the voice remained,
And still, "God's will preferred,"
Pointed the path by which all good is gained,
And gave the conquering word:
Or sick, or well, or rich, or poor, how small!
God's will is all.

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